THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 19.

Boston, Saturday, September 6, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XLIV.

Quando pauperiem missis ambagibus horres
Accipe quâ ratione queas ditescere —.
HORACE.

AMONG the various exertions of ingenuity, which delight and amuse us in this money getting age, there is not a more powerful or a more useful invention than a subscription paper. Its protean shape adopts it to every use. It is alternately the grand cause of national magnificence —the pious promoters of christian benevolence, or the extensive herald of unambitious charity.

In affairs of commerce it patches up the broken reputation of a Bankrupt, and with a great WHEREAS to begin with, sets him afloat with new character and credit. It enables the speculator to try schemes of immense advantage at the expense only of a few dollars per man, and by a kind of alchymical process peculiar to itself changes the credulity of a populace to real silver and gold. After having been once blessed with a view of it and performed the trifling ceremony of writing a name, you may be supplied for months together with large volumes of orthodox divinity, or swelling pamphlets of political information. You may be enumerated as one of the million whose *little eagle* has brooded in the *library of a national university* or have your "name and place of residence" enrolled and deposited with literary worthies, among the archives of the country. You may be blessed with the prayers of the Monks of the mountain, who will sing a new requiem to the peace of such as have preserved the Alpine traveller from cold, and the blessings of the sailor will wait on you in some distant clime when he finds a subscription paper has removed the dangerous rocks from his channel.

In fact this invention is of such extensive utility that literature, religion and politics would be equally encumbered with difficulties was it not for its friendly assistance; some indeed—bold lovers of freedom, who despise tyranny from their soul, have censured it as a toy imposed on the public "without their representatives consent;" and as it thus deleteriously affects our free constitution, they have refused with all the patriotism of avarice to be in any wise instrumental in such iniquitous designs. Others—lofty geniuses, whose high spirit disdains the appearance of duplicity, despise it as the ingenious device of poverty and want; scorn to feed beggary when it will not acknowledge its dependence, or to save the feelings of misfortune from the wound which open solicitation would in-

flict. Thus it is that the best institutions of society, in part, loose their value, and the best feelings of the heart are perverted to the most unfortunate ends!

But no body, who knows the purposes to which a subscription paper can be applied, is for a moment influenced by these speculations; it is known that churches rise, towns flourish, books are printed, dinners made, sickness cured, girls married, all by the wonderful influence of a subscription paper.

I had scarcely brushed from my shoes the dirt which had collected in a little morning excursion, and set myself down to business, before a tall negro with his sleeves stript up and a birch broom in his hand, entered the door and presented me with a paper. I immediately supposed it the order of some customer, and was beginning to read it with mercantile impatience, but I found only "Cash Cr." for sixpences and shillings. I took the hint—there was no saying *call again* to a subscription paper for keeping the street clean. This was a small matter. I had just felt the necessity of clean ways. Any man (said the black) would give sixpence, rather than be at the trouble of cleaning his shoes.

I had hardly got rid of my African visitor before a gentleman dressed in the true style of antiquated finery, with a roll under his arm as large as a paper-hanging, and a smile on his countenance as chearful as midsummer, saluted me with the most profound submission—"Will your Honor, (said he, unrolling several yards of his package) will your Honor condescend to oblige us so much as to favor us with one moment of your Honor's time. Gentlemen of the first respectability and character are among our patrons, and as we know your Honor's vast predilection for literature, and the pleasure, satisfaction and delight which your honor takes in promoting schemes of utility and advantage, we do humbly take the liberty of asking your worship's kind patronage. *It is exceedingly cheap*, and only one half to be paid at subscribing. We are already honored with upwards of two thousand names of the first character and consequence, and we present it to no others that we may boast of having the first subscription list in America. It is the folio volumes lately advertised of Dr. L'veytur's Unguiology; exceedingly cheap at 5 dollars a volume, a work of the first character, and offered to none but the very distinguished patrons of letters; Sir, shall we have your Honor's name? Sir, I thank you. There is no standing against so much civility. Where there are two thousand literati it would certainly be a disgrace not to be found among them; and no man will for the future be able to claim any rank in the republic of letters, who is not a subscriber for Doctor Gasper Gall L'Veytur.

I was consoling myself with these reflections, for having spent the money which I had appropriated for a new coat when my friend SIGNALL came into the room. His countenance indicated pleasure and I was proceeding to enquire the cause of his joy. The most admirable plan, said he, ever yet invented. There we shall find all the news-papers and all the pamphlets—and all the literature and all the taste—and the critics will all be there to proclaim their opinion like Judges, and the authors like criminals to await their verdict, and the Reviews. —But what my friend—What?—Why there will be three hundred

subscribers, and two rooms, and every accommodation for pleasure, and the finest feast for the mind; all the dainties of literature; not a publication in the United States but will be sent there express; and the manuscripts, it is expected, will be submitted for inspection; and all, for ten dollars a year—'tis cheap as a fourth July oration; and the gentility of the thing, it is glorious; and it will be so delightful to be all in a room at a time, reading, and talking and disputing—some laughing at the wit, some raging at the satire, and all parties meeting there like beasts in the Ark; the clean and the unclean together;—a more happy expedient to communicate sentiment and disseminate opinion was never discovered. I did not require farther information, to discover the fashionable subject of my friend Sign-all's conversation.

It would be needless to enumerate the vast variety of applications which are daily made by means of a subscription paper. But I cannot help noticing to my readers that of a patriotic Frenchman who is so zealously striving for the honor of our ungrateful country that he has spent three or four years on a national picture. Here among a motley group of characters, the work of "nature's journeymen" no doubt, the English commander at Yorktown is surrendering his sword to the *French* and American Generals. As it is beneath the dignity of your character to ask about price, you will not regret the 12 dollars paid for this labor of ingenuity. If you should not happen to know the likenesses, you will recollect that time makes strange alterations, and derive another pleasure in finding how surprisingly he has changed the appearance of our American officers. The strange group in the clouds you will learn are the heathen deities, and as they look like nothing human will leave you no exercise for scepticism, and if you can designate which are intended for monsters, you will be more in love with the *Genius of Liberty*, who vanquished such frightful opponents. V.

For the Emerald.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

It has been reported very currently, that the gentleman whose life we have inserted below, is engaged by Mr. Bernard, for the Boston Theatre, the next season; consequently, the following remarks respecting him, may be both proper and acceptable.

Some account of the life, and observations on the performances of Mr. Henry F. Johnston, of Covent Garden Theatre.

It is the fortune of some men to have been continually thwarted in the bias of their disposition, until their first propensity has acquired redoubled strength from constancy of opposition; and of consequence is less likely to be subdued.

To members of the theatrical world this remark is particularly applicable; and the gentleman of whose life we have now undertaken the sketch, belongs to that community.

Henry Erskine Johnston, is a native of Scotland. He was born at Edinburg in the year 1777. His inclination for theatrical exhibition unfolded, in early life; for at the age of twelve years, he was the manager of a small band of his schoolfellows who had united for the purpose of acting plays. The leisure time which could be obtained after the hours allotted to study had passed, he devoted to his favorite pursuit; and many plays under his direction were got up and represented,

Young Johnston bore a conspicuous part in these juvenile exhibitions, and during several years that they continued, he performed all the first characters as well male, as female, in the higher department of tragedy. Returning home one evening in the character of Calista ——, his female garb, which had attracted the attention of some young men, while he was performing, now induced them to use some unbecoming freedom with his person; but he retorted so vigorously upon them with his fists, that their punishment was exemplary, and his revenge complete.

After leaving school, his father placed him in the office of a writer to the Signets; but this sedentary life ill accorded with his natural feelings and previous pursuits; and the stale language of old deeds, was disgusting to an admirer of Shakespeare. Here, therefore, he felt uneasy in his situation, and grew languid in the execution of his labors! and his master seeing his disinclination to the profession of the law, allowed him to retire from his service.

His friends next endeavored to turn his attention to the art of painting, as a profitable employment; but engaged with visions of theatrical fame, he never dabbled with the pencil. It was yet confidently hoped that as his age increased, and his character became more firm, he would relinquish all thoughts of the stage; and he was placed under the care of an eminent Linen-draper in Edinburg. Here, it is probable his affinity to the theatre, increased his ardour to belong to it: and after continuing three years behind the counter, he resigned the yard-stick for the truncheon.

In the year 1794, and the twentieth of his age, he recited "Collin's Ode on the Passions," on the Edinburg stage, for the benefit of a friend. In this attempt he succeeded beyond his expectation. The composition he recited, requires great compass of voice and expression of face, and has baffled many respectable actors who have attempted it. But the very judicious and impressive manner of young Johnston, attracted the notice of Mr. Stephen Kemble; and he immediately made him an offer, the liberality of which it was impossible for his parents and friends to resist.

Accordingly, he soon gratified his countrymen by making his regular *debut*, in the characters of *Hamlet* and *Harlequin* on the same night.

The powers of Garrick, it is said, never drew a more numerous audience, than were convened on this occasion. And the expectation of superior excellence which his first effort had raised, his personation of Hamlet served to realize. His figure, features, voice, and masterly conception, attached a dignity to the part which few actors, excepting Mr. John Kemble, had ever given it on those boards.

In Harlequin too, he occasioned equal surprise by the versatility, as he had done before in the strength of his scenic powers. He performed Harlequin with the ease of a veteran. His eminence soon gained him, among his intelligent countrymen the appellation of the "Scotch Roscius," a title never bestowed on an actor by the highly judicious Caledonians, without he possessed superior claims to the Roman name. It is somewhat remarkable, that with the exception of Ross, he is the only actor of extraordinary merit, which the stage of that country has produced.

After playing at different Theatres in the Northern Circuit, he went to Dublin to perform twelve

nights, seven of which were devoted to his representation of *Douglas ;* a character which the manager, Mr. Daly, had often made an attempt to personify ; but his failure gave Mr. Johnston great advantage, and the audience repeatedly manifested their warmest eulogium on his mimic exertions. After leaving this city our hero has drawn the plaudits of public approbation, in almost every principal provincial Theatre in England.

In the year 1797, he made his first appearance on the Covent-Garden boards, in *Douglas ;* few theatrical gentlemen ever met with a warmer reception than Mr. Johnston; unassisted by interest, which, too often buoys up indifferent merit, he passed the ordeal of public favor by superior talent only : and imparted beauties to the character, which the author would have been proud to have witnessed ; but, which was rewarded by the reiterated plaudits of an elegant audience. It often happens that the fame and applause an actor gains from his spectators, by his first scenic exertions, is lessened or destroyed by a second appearance, in an opposite character.

But, Mr. Johnston has proved beyond all doubt a great versatility of genius, and the talent of calling it into action in every species of character ; to confirm this statement, we beg leave to call the attention of our readers to his assumption of the following parts in Pantomime, in which he has displayed every requisite for the perfection of his art. *Oscar, Don Juan, Raymond, Perouse, Brazen Mask, Henry* in the *Deserter, Three Fingered Jack, &c.* These parts have proved his full possession of powers to convey sentiments, and describe the passions, unaccompanied by that useful assistant, speech, in which he has made his auditors not only masters of his story, but participators of his feelings, as if he had told it in the glowing language of Shakespeare.

Mr. Johnston, is an actor whose services to the theatre are of the utmost consequence, as he can assume almost any part to accommodate the business of the stage, with honor to himself and credit to the manager. By him, therefore, he ought to be highly valued ; as he is able by his versatile powers, to perform the services of many. He enjoys the friendship of several eminent literary characters, among whom, is that celebrated and much admired writer, Mr. G. P. Lewis, whose works stand very high in public opinion, and whose dramatic compositions are an ornament to the stage.

To be continued.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Mr. Editor,

THE reputation of the *Phi Beta Kappa* society, distinguished as it is by men of learning, talents and respectability, increases with its age ; and the exercises, on the anniversary celebration of the 28th ult, diminished nothing from its fame. A Poem by Benjamin Whitwell, Esq. on Human Life, and an Oration on Philosophy, by Thomas B. Adams, Esq. were the exercises of the day.

The Poem possessed many charms and indeed was highly attractive. It was an allegory. Experience is made the sage, who holding a mirror in one hand, reflecting the vices and foibles of mankind, scourges them with the other. The pseudo critics and learned men of the present day, the petty-fogger of law, the votary of fashion and the sponge of wealth pass in review before him, and each receives the punishment proportion-

ed to his crime. The reflections on the subject occasionally couched in beautiful poetry; and oftentimes glowing with happy metaphor, met the tremulous effusion of decorous approbation.

The idea of attacking not *the fool* but *the folly*, not the *individual* but the *species*: of fixing his arrow without aiming at a particular mark, though

"*Shot at a venture it may wound a king,*"

seems to be merely varying the expression of the thought of Shakespeare's Jaques, who says,

Why who cries out on *pride*,
That can therein tax any *private* party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

and again,

.....Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free
Why then, my taxing, like a wild-goose flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

We observed some licences of poetry admitted by Mr. Whitwell, but not sufficient in number to subject him to the censure, advanced against some American poets, whose productions are replete not with beauties, but those *allowances to poets*, those *licentiæ poeticæ* which always betray a deficiency of genius.

The oration by Mr. Adams was deficient in force of utterance. Hence we could not follow him. It is said to contain evident marks of laborious research into ancient philosophy, and much discrimination of knowledge. The sentences which struck our ears however, induce us to consider it in respect to composition, as it certainly was in delivery

"*Correctly cold and regularly low.*"

Yet from the reputation of this gentleman, we have no doubt that his oration, if printed, would afford that pleasure in the perusal which was lost in the utterance; and would serve to confine that reputation for learning, which Mr. Adams had previously acquired.

PHILOS.

For the Emerald.

ON THE USE OF CIVIL AND NATURAL HISTORY.

CURIOSITY is seldom weary of contemplating those objects, of which it is in continual search. The stranger feels its operation when he wishes to investigate the antiquities of the place where he resides or through which he passes. The native is pleased with the same inquiry, because the persons, the places, and the circumstances of which history is composed, is near to him. Curiosity in pursuit of knowledge is a happy disposition of mind, and can never be better occupied than in exploring and developing the historical concerns of one's own country. In America the historian and the naturalist have an extensive field to explore and many parts of it yet untrodden. Whether the former records the civil history of the times, or the latter describes a plant thro every genus, species and variety, the principle is the same: Both are serviceable to the mind, both important to society. The former delineates the resources of the human intellect, exhibiting a picture of man, in every situation of good and evil fortune, and under various governments; the latter beautifully represents the infinite gradation of

nature in her vegetable kingdoms, whispering to the conscious heart,

"The God invisible—or dimly seen
"In *these* his lower works"

Or teaching us, (to use the expression of another poet,)

"To look thro' nature up to nature's God."

Hence it is universally conceded by the philosopher, the moralist, and the politician that the study of both civil and natural history is one of the highest gratifications of which the soul is capable, and one of the most useful that genius can recommend and present to us.—History is the sister of poetry and of painting: it exhibits the most pleasing pictures to the imagination, and calls forth the utmost resources of judgment. It usurps command over the passions, awakening the most tender emotions of pity, and raising the blush of anger at the view of imposture and treachery. It leads us from the consideration of what is agreeable, to that which is beautiful; from the beautiful to the sublime. Beholding examples of patience, of fortitude, we become better men, better citizens. Warmed by the animated description, we emulate what we see. We follow the demi-god through the heat of the battle, we anticipate his renown, we tremble for his danger, we partake of his triumph, and forget we are mortal.

CASTIGATOR.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Mr. Editor,

As the most trivial incidents in the history of *great* men become more or less interesting to every one, I think it might not be considered too unimportant to inquire after the birth spot of FRANKLIN. Not satisfied to know the town, district, or street wherein he was born, I would inquire for the house, or if that has decayed, the place where it stood. As there are persons who know, and no doubt many of your readers, I hope through the medium of your paper, they will communicate it to the public, and satisfy

CURIOSITY.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

THOSE readers who are in the habit of devoting their first attention to this department of our paper, will not listen to the monition of Martin Luther, who advises students to confine their attention to some well selected and well informed authors, and not to distract and confuse themselves with too great a variety of books. Miscellaneous readers, observed Luther, never learn any thing correctly, but are led away by vague and crude notions; as those persons who dwell every where, and settle in no place, cannot be said to have any certain habitation.

USES OF STUDY.

There are four principal ends which students should aim at in reading good authors. 1st To discover the real character and genius of the writers. 2d To find out the extent of their understanding, whether their genius is superior to their erudition or inferior to it. 3d To make themselves masters of what they read, so that they may make new discoveries by the means of ancient knowledge. 4th To bring as nearly as possible their own minds to a state of perfection, and purify their dispositions in the

same degree to which they carry the improvements of their intellects.

Conjugal felicity though a subject of pleasing contemplation admits not elaborate description. Beattie has not been unsuccessful in his attempt to sketch its outlines.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

THE POWER OF FORTUNE.

The freshest flowers, the most verdant meadows, the most beautiful gardens, and the most cultivated fields, lose their various charms at the approach of night. The first dawn of the sun restores them to their former splendor. The most honorable birth, the most eminent merit, and the most useful virtues, strike not the eye, nor attract the attention of the world, till Fortune brings to light these fostering rays, and every spectator is dazzled on a sudden with their effulgence.

Anacharsis, a Scythian philosopher, having attended an assembly of the people, observed, that wise men proposed questions and fools decided on them.

Poets have often sung the beauties and pleasures of the country, but we are yet untired by the theme. The reader cannot but admire, in the following lines by Cowper, the comparison between the *evening* of town and country.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threaten'd, in the fields and groves?
Possess ye, therefore, ye, who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like your's can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish;
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound,
Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
Scar'd and the offended nightingale is mute.

Men are like plants, that never flourish if they are not well cultivated. Among a miserable people the species not only decreases, but sometimes degenerates also.

Why statesmen have so frequently been decried by poets we will not now inquire, but that sounding epithets have been often pressed into the warfare, must not be denied.—An indignant poet thus vents his ire.

Oh! what a mine of mischief is a statesman!
Ye furies, whirlwinds, and ye treacherous rocks,
Ye ministers of death, devouring fire,
Convulsive earthquakes, and plague tainted air,
All you are merciful and mild to him.

Sewal.

GARRULITY.

Men of great loquacity and moderate intellects are sarcastically represented by an Arabian proverb as mills, whose clatter only we hear, without ever carrying away any flour.

SILENCE.

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are, says an elegant essayist, well known. He preserved a rigid silence among strangers; but, if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. He probably at that moment labored more in his reflections than had he been in his study. It was this silence that enlightened a whole nation diurnally.

GOOD FORTUNE.

I owe, says *Thomas*, much to *Peter's* care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir;
True *Thomas;* hence your fortunes take their rise;
His heir you were not had he seen you *twice.*

BON MOT OF ARISTIPPUS.

This philosopher was very fond of magnificent entertainments, and loved a court life. Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, asked him in a sarcastic manner the reason why philosophers were seen often at the gates of princes, but princes never at the doors of philosophers. "For the same reason," replied the philosopher, "that physicians are found at the doors of sick men, and not sick men at the doors of physicians."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MAN OF SENSE AND A MAN OF WIT.

To be possessed of wit, it is necessary to be endowed with a good understanding. The converse of this proposition is not true. However brilliant, fertile and active a mind may be, yet, if it be not steady and under some regulation, it degenerates into absurdity. A person, on the contrary, may have a very useful understanding, and not be a brilliant man. The excellencies of genius consist in the vivacity, variety, and grandeur of its exertions; gifts which nature alone boasts to bestow, and which art and study endeavor in vain to acquire. A good understanding consists in a certain equable, regulated tenor of just thoughts; which qualities are likewise conferred by nature, but which art may considerably improve and augment.

MAN! strange compound of good and evil, so interwoven—in whom self is often so contradictatory!—where extremes touch!—in whom blind *fanaticism* rivals in splendor the deeds of enlightened *heroism.* O man!—where end thy vices?—where do thy virtues begin? Nay, what are thy vices, if sanctified by the motive of virtue?—what thy virtues, if they lead to the commission of crimes? Who then shall pronounce on their merit, if reason bewilders, if instinct mistakes its aim, and if deluded conscience is mute, when her voice should the louder call on thee?

A LUDICROUS STORY.

The question has frequently been asked, Whether painters should represent the persons who sit to them, adorned with more charms than they really possess? The following anecdote may serve as an answer. A young man in a distant province received the picture of a lady whom his friends had destined for his future wife. Struck with the beauties which the portrait presented to his eyes, he hastened immediately to Paris, to see the enchanting original. Finding his mistress void of

every grace, and, in short, frightful, he wished to withdraw his pretensions. The parents of the lady became indignant, and pressed him to the performance of his promise. "I will marry the picture which you sent me with all my heart," replied the disappointed swain.

PANEGYRIC ON DRUNKENNESS.

Who by disgrace or ill by fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk. SWIFT.

HIPPOCRATES says, that it does a man good to get drunk once a month. I won't say it follows, that it must, of course, do him much more good to get drunk daily; but I know there are many people who seem firmly persuaded of it. HORACE* next tells us, that poets who drink water can never make good poetry; and ATHENÆUS assures us, that ALCÆUS and ARISTOPHANES wrote poems when they were intoxicated.† SOCRATES, too, was a clever fellow; and he, according to LUCIAN, was always drunk; for, in conformity to his own confession, he saw all things double. Farther, let us take the word *methe:* what does it signify? Why, both *Mirth*, (the son of Bacchus) and *Drunkenness;* so nearly are they allied. Then FLACCUS affirms that wine makes us eloquent; and this is confirmed by KOTZEBUE, in his Benyowski, where we read, that fish are mute for no other reason than that they drink nothing but water.

Beside, when are men so full of morality, truth, and charity, as when they are half seas over? And let me add, that HOGARTH observes, that, "all the common and necessary motions, for the purposes of life, are performed by men in plain or straight lines; but that all the *graceful and ornamental movements are made in curve lines.*" Such are all the movements of a drunken man; he must, therefore, be the most *graceful* of men.

It may be said, indeed, that the vine has produced much evil; and I may be told, as a proof, that Erigone was deceived by Bacchus in the shape of a bunch of grapes.—Well I know it; and I know also that Erigone is not the only girl who has been deceived by means of the *grape*. But now in opposition that circumstance, which is so trifling, when compared to the advantages I have already stated, let me ask whether soberness has not its direful evils: was not HERMAGORAS banished Ephesus for too great sobriety? Could inebriety cause any thing more afflicting than banishment?

Mr. Editor.

The following beautiful epitaph is copied from an old Magazine. If you afford it a place in the *Emerald*, perhaps some of your poetical correspondents may furnish a translation. B.

Immatura perii,
Sed tu felicior;
Conjux optime,
Vive meos, et tuos Annos.

Boston, August 30, 1806.

* The same poet thus praises drunkenness:

"Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit:
Spes jubet esse ratas; in prætia trudit inermem;
Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes [tum?
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diser-
Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum?"

† The worst of OVID's poetry is that which he sent from Scythia, where never vine was planted. What were ANACREON's subjects, but the grape and roses: every page of PINDAR is redolent of wine. It is when warmed with the mellow cask that HORACE sweetly chants his Glycera.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Emerald.

A TRANSLATION

OF THE FIRST IDYLL OF MOSCHUS.

.....

Cupid Runaway.

.....

Venus cried, in accents wild,
Who has seen my darling child?
Who has seen my Cupid, say;
Wandering near the public way?
On him, who his haunt can show,
I'll a balmy kiss bestow;
But if he'll bring the rover here,
I'll grant him something still more dear.
Whereso'er you see him rove,
You may know my wanderer Love.
O'er his snowy limbs, are shed
Glowing tints of brightest red;
Then his piercing eyes of fire,
Kindle glowing young desire.
Of his honied voice beware,
Treachery is lurking there.
You the little rogue will greet,
In melodious accent sweet;
By his tongue you'll never find,
What his cunning heart design'd.
But to enrage his mind, forbear,
Pity seldom harbors there.
Wayward is his every way;
Cruel e'en his boyish play.
Tho' o'er his head, his brow of snow,
Sweet the wanton ringlets flow.
Yet his rosy looks tho' fair
Ah! a barb'rous heart declare.
His hands are powerless to view,
But still he darts his arrow true;
It reaches e'en the deep domains,
Where the tyrant Pluto reigns.
His form is unconcealed by art,
But unseen his treacherons heart.—
And through air the little minion,
Borne on downy feathered pinion,
Glides unseen into the breast,
And makes the fluttering heart his rest.
He bears a bow of ivory bright,
And a dart prepared for flight;
Which though a dart of smallest size,
Yet it can mount the distant skies.
His quiver is of burnish'd gold,
But doth cruel arrows hold,
With which, alas! I know not why,
He e'en hath made his mother sigh.
All, all his darts are ting'd with gall;
But more cruel still than all,
Is a little torch he bears,
Source of many anxious cares;
Sol confest its power above,
Kindled by it into love.
If my runaway is found,
Bring to me the truant bound.
Let not pity you deceive,
Tho' the little urchin grieve.
And beware, lest he beguile,
You unconscious, with a smile.
Should he by enticing art
Strive by love to take your heart,
Fly O fly his promised blisses,
Fly even his enchanting kisses.
Of his rosy lips beware,
Deadliest poison lodges there.
E'er should he say, "accept my arms,"
Shun thou their destructive charms;
His treacherous gifts do not desire,
For all his darts are dipt in fire.

D**.

For the Emerald.

ANACREONTIC.

Alas! by every female told:
"Anacreon is growing old.
"Take and in the mirror view,
"Thy wan cheek and faded hue.
"Insatiate Time, alas! devours,
"Thy beauty, youth, and manly pow'rs.
"Thy graceful ringlets chang'd to grey
—This they declare doth age betray!
Whether this is false or true,
To every care I bid adieu.
The weary thoughts of death t' assuage
I know is always best for age
To lengthen out the hours of time,
With love, with music, and with wine,
To lull all care and strife to rest,
And make of little life the best.

W.

A GENUINE BULL.

Says Dennis to Paddy, "I can't, for my life
Conceive how a dumb pair are made man and wife,
Since they can't with the form and the parson accord."
Says Paddy, "you fool, *they take each other's word!*"

---

*On him who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
But he, who can bring me the wanderer here,
Shall have something more rapturous something more dear.*

Moores Trans. Anach. Note on ode 20.

ALCANZOR AND ZAIDA.

BY —— PERCY.

A Moorish tale, imitated from the Spanish.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies;
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, & sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate seize him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory,
To the fainting seamen's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies:

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

It is true, the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

If't is true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide then not from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury,
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it cost me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all thy hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
All, to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cried, O Zaida,
Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!—
My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'T is in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go; farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

Boston, (Mass.) Published
BY BELCHER & ARMSTRONG,
No. 70, State Street.